

Greetings of the Season

Got Beyond His Depth.

The other evening while a crowd of people were waiting for the power to be turned on so the street car could go on, a little boy of about five years old came along and wonderingly watched awhile and then said to the motorman: "What's the matter, ain't you got any gasoline?" And then after the crowd of people laughed, he said: "Oh! I didn't mean that," in a most embarrassed tone.—Cleveland Leader.

Test for Diamond.

Thrust a diamond ring into a bowl of water and the stones will glitter through the liquid; but an imitation stone loses all its brilliancy under water. If you look through a diamond at a black dot on a piece of white paper you will see one black speck quite clearly. If the dot is blurred or multiplied the stone is probably not genuine.

Digestibility of Eggs.

Medical science says that raw eggs are more quickly digested than cooked ones. Soft-boiled, roasted and poached eggs are more easily digested than when fried or hard-boiled. The stomach will digest a raw egg in from one and a half to two hours. Soft-boiled and roasted require from two and a half to three hours, while hard-boiled or fried must be allowed from three and a half to four hours for digestion.

Real Cause for Worry.

Parker—"What's wrong? You seem very worried." Streeter—"I am. I wrote two notes—one to my brother asking him if he took me for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding asking her if she would be mine. While I was out somebody telephoned. 'Yes,' and for the life of me I don't know which of 'em it was."

Eccentricity of Genius.

Not a few famous men have been noted for their eccentricity of dress. Buffon, the naturalist, was particular, almost to ridiculousness, in his dress. It was his delight to dress in showy, costly material and to wear lace and jewels. He curled his hair with special attention and when at work wore it always in curlpapers.

Evidence of Eyewitness.

A small boy recently attended the theater. In the play a false servant stole a valuable ring. The master in anger called the servants before him and attempted to gain a confession. "Who stole the ring?" he thundered. Then and there the little fellow, who had been deeply engrossed, called out: "The man with the red stockings."

Horse's Best Running Time.

An English horse holds the mile record. Calman, a four-year-old, with 128 pounds up, on July 12, 1900, at the Lingfield course, covered a mile in 1:33 1-5.

It Was.

The family album of old courting days must have been a consummate bore if it was any worse than the modern kodak album.—Kansas City Star.

The Hymeneal Knot.
The trouble with the hymeneal knot is that it is often tied too tightly. Many a husband reminds one of a 16 knot in a 15% collar.—Smart Set.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Time of departure of trains passing through Earlington.
Effective Sunday, Aug. 13, 1916.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 92	8:28 a. m.
No. 92	11:13 a. m.
No. 94	8:15 p. m.
No. 94	11:30 p. m.
No. 95	7:40 a. m.
No. 95	10:55 a. m.
No. 98	6:50 a. m.
No. 98	1:43 p. m.
No. 110	4:39 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 58	4:57 a. m.
No. 58	8:25 a. m.
No. 51	4:25 p. m.
No. 93	11:37 p. m.
No. 103	6:51 a. m.
No. 107	12:27 p. m.
No. 109	3:22 p. m.
No. 105	12:27 p. m.
No. 104	10:40 and 10:47 daily except Sunday.
No. 105	Sunday only.

C. R. R. TIME CARD.

Time of departure of Illinois Central trains from Nortonville, Ky.
Effective Sunday, Feb. 20, 1916.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 102	1:15 p. m.
No. 104	3:25 a. m.
No. 123	local pass. 11:52 a. m.
No. 138	local 6:15 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 101	4:08 p. m.
No. 103	1:50 a. m.
No. 121	local pass. 12:50 p. m.
No. 145	local pass. 5:55 a. m.

L. H. & ST. L. TIME CARD HENDERSON ROUTE

Trains from and to Henderson.

EAST BOUND.

No. 146, Louisville Limited	8:16 a. m.
No. 142, Louisville Express	7:01 a. m.
No. 144, Louisville Fast Mail	2:52 p. m.
No. 148, Owensboro Accommodation	9:25 a. m.
No. 150, Cloverport Accommodation	5:35 a. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 146, Louisville Limited	1:48 a. m.
No. 141, Louisville Fast Mail	12:58 p. m.
No. 143, Louisville Express	9:16 p. m.
No. 147, Cloverport Accommodation	9:00 a. m.
No. 149, Owensboro Accommodation	5:15 p. m.

E. M. WOMACK, G. P. A.
L. W. ROGERS, T. A.

Adulterations of a Christmas Dinner

by George V. Hobart



SAY! did you ever get reckless and give a Christmas dinner to an assorted collection of petrified relations?

Take it from me, dodging benzine buggies on the boulevard is sleepy work in comparison.

Friend wife concluded it was up to us to squeeze a few uncles and aunts into our 4 by 4 dining room and throw turkey wings at them, so I coaxed my nervous system to behave and told Peaches to cut loose.

She sat down and invited Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Martha, Uncle Gregory Smith and Aunt Bessie. Then she went in, took another look at the dining room and stopped.

I invited Bud Hawley, his wife Sybil, and Hep Hardy, and explained to them that we would all have to sit edge-on at the table and get our meat cut in the kitchen, so as to avoid hitting each other on the funny bone, and it was so ordered.

Hep arrived early. He always does. He generally breezes in with the information that four pages of tango music are waiting for him in some hoof palace, and he has to hurry away, but on this occasion he concluded to see the fight to a finish.

Then the other members of our dinner party began arriving and the mad revel was on.

Uncle Peter brought a friend—the famous food expert, Doctor Smotherjoy.

The doctor is a high card with Uncle Peter.

He is one of those old ginks with beady eyes and a license to hunt for germs, and everything he eats has first to give the countersign and then go through a written examination.

Uncle Peter believes every word that leaves Doc Smotherjoy's face, but for my part I think he's an old Camembert.

At any rate, no sooner were we seated at the table than Doc parted his whiskers carefully, coughed to attract attention, then picked up a little-neck clam on the end of his fork and proceeded to give it the third degree.

"The adulteration of foodstuffs these days is being carried on to an extent worse than criminal," the old bluff began solemnly. "Ah, even here I see traces of sally-sillie acid with borax-phosphos even here on this clam."

"Put a little tabasco on it and cut loose," suggested Bud Hawley.

"Have a lemon," said Hep. "Squeeze it over the clam and make a wish."

Uncle Peter listened with marked attention, while Uncle Gregory glanced at his claws and shuddered.

The doctor ate his unconcernedly. When the soup came on the Doc lifted a spoonful thoughtfully, then stooped it slowly back into his plate, while the two uncles eyed him nervously.

"It's bullion," whispered Uncle Peter, anxious to prove the soup's innocence.

"Here," said the doctor, examining his spoonful critically, "here are traces of hydrophosphates and about ten per cent philharmonic acid."

"I never eat soup," gurgled Uncle Greg. "Because it's a waste of good space."

The doctor said nothing more, but quietly surrounded his soup.

When the fish was served the doctor danced over his plate with his fork and said, "Hydrostatic acid with here and there symptoms of manganese germs and a few sulphide microbes."

Uncle Gregory pushed his plate back with a sigh that was pitiful to hear.

"I know so nervous that here we were doing a shaker dust, and there was a big pink spot on each cheek."

The others at the table, with the exception of nervous old Uncle Gregory, paid not the slightest attention to Doctor Smotherjoy.

Even Uncle Peter threw away his germ fear after the clam episode, and took a long chance with everything from soup to nuts.

Next we had some turkey with mashed potatoes, green peas and asparagus tips.

When Uncle Gregory saw all this his face broke out in a smile, and we could see his appetite roll up his sleeves.

"In this," the doctor began again, holding up a turkey wing on his fork, "in this we have a cold-storage turkey which has been treated with oxalic acid and chloride of potassium to keep it in a shivering state."

"Pardon me, doctor," exclaimed Peaches indignantly, "but it isn't a cold-storage turkey, because it was sent me as a present by some friends on Long Island only this morning."

"Possibly," went on Caterpillar Charlie, "possibly my hurried diagnosis was at fault, but we can never be sure about these things, because here, on the elbow of the wing, I find traces of callithenic acid over the membranes."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory, "I never eat turkey. It gives me the heartburn." And the poor old guy struck such a note of hunger that I wanted to throw that doctor out of the window.

By this time several others at the table were becoming more or less impressed, and the dinner party was beginning to assume the cheerful aspect of a meeting of martyrs an hour before the arena opened.

"Please pass me some mashed potatoes," whispered Uncle Gregory after the pangs of hunger had beaten him to the ropes.

"Here we find," croaked the doctor, raising a forkful of mashed potatoes, "here we find one of the most evil effects of food adulteration. This potato was grown in the fall of the year 1880, but it has been washed in alum water to give it the appearance of being modern, while its eyes have been treated with belladonna to make them bright and snappy."

Uncle Gregory groaned pathetically, and the rest of us, out of politeness, tried to look interested, but only succeeded in looking seasick.

When the ice cream and cake were brought on Doctor Smotherjoy drove his spoon down deep into the chocolate and vanilla mixed and said, "Here is a pitiful illustration of what dishonest tradesmen will do for money. Here we find that some of this ice cream was pale originally, but it was treated with aniline dye to give it this chocolate effect, and then baked in the sun to deceive the eye. On the other hand, we find this vanilla was originally dark and forbidding, but it has been treated with peroxide of hydrogen to make it more of a blonde."

"Pardon me, doctor," snapped Peaches, her teeth chattering with nervousness, "but this ice cream was made in our kitchen by our own cook."



"The Next Time You Give a Dinner Party Cut Out That Bug Doctor."

with first-class cream, and we never have any but homemade ice cream, so there!"

"Ah," said the doctor, "then in that case it must be traces of thanatopsis which I see, and the evidence is conclusive that a great deal of artificial frappe has been used, nevertheless."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory, "I never eat ice cream because it goes to my head and makes me cold to my friends."

"Take this coffee, for instance," chortled the doctor, juggling a spoonful with the left hand and four lumps of sugar with the right. "Herein you will find copper salts, iodide of chicory, a four per cent solution of gladiolus, together with about a sixteenth of a grain of mocha to the cupful."

"No, thank you," gasped Uncle Gregory; "I never drink coffee; it gives me the hiccups."

After the dinner was over, Uncle Gregory took me outside and whispered: "John, for the love of a blissful heaven, the next time you give a dinner party cut out that bug doctor, or let me wear ear muffs!"

Peaches hasn't spoken a sensible word since that bitter evening.

Can you blame her?

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